

# L.O.X., So Right (Rmx)

(feat. Jay-Z, Kelly Price)

[Verse One: Styles]

Catch me in the Dirty South  
In the red porche burning out  
Head across seas, bout to turn it out  
Coming back home to a furnish house  
We three deep, what, and we ain't get no sleep  
We on the next flight, 25 a night, damn right  
Plan is to keep the fam tight  
Copping the Vipe and I ain't stopping at the light  
Can't see the dice, ice to bright  
Heard he with a pretty chick, you a idiot  
Get a record deal and not take it serious  
Plan to make hits for a long period  
Hell of a living, shit being on television  
Ball i'ma score everytime there's an inning  
I once had had a mill and it's just the beginning  
Everybody want a pool, I need an ocean to swim in

[Chorus: Kelly Price]

Your love, so right (so right)  
It makes me want more (it makes me want more)  
Your fault love, so tight (so tight)  
You need an encore (give me an encore)

[Verse Two: Sheek Luchion]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, what up, yo, hey yo, hey yo  
Hey yo before I rock a show I pray to God in a huddle  
Sheek laid back, you know I'm bout to bubble  
All ya'll hate that, tryin to keep me in trouble  
We take things serious, ya'll do it for fun  
Cuz when we hit we stick like noodles when then done  
International despite thee, Westcoast beef  
I blew it down on Keenen Ivory  
Wayans, got the all with a grain for the pain  
So if we conflict you get all in yo brain  
You gonna play this like little kids play hoola hoop  
&From day til it's dark with the fat man scoop  
Now you spook, you heard Lox about to drop  
Pop the top, we got this in a can like Pringle  
Heard one song, now you changing up your single  
While I mingle, Sheek the black man gingle  
In a club with two mommies, that's bilingual

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Jadakiss]

Yeah, wha, wha, yo yo yo yo  
Now what ya'll think we here for? aight then  
Get this money, keep it tightened, right when  
All ya'll thought ya'll was coming to get us  
Cuz we lost B.I.G., but he still wit us  
Fooled ya'll ass, ya'll tools don't blast  
All we do is make hot songs and use ya'll cash  
I hang my plaques in the bathroom  
Cuz I'm sill thinking bout making a hit  
While I'm taking a shit  
Playa Haters be scraping the 6  
For no reason, that don't even make no sense

I'm happy they made them with bullet proof glass tints  
If you want beef, see you at the Bad Boy cook out  
Get a new look out, pull your black book out  
Who you know pal for enough to distribute  
2.5 and that's just the tribute  
Anything involved with Benji's we with that  
With the good comes the bad never forget that

[Verse Four: Jay-Z]

If you ain't in it for the money then get out the game  
Motherfuckers better think before they spit out my name  
I been known to have torn shit out the frame  
Load up the clip and aim TEST ME!  
You ain't in it for the dough, yo rhyme on your block  
I'll hit you with an owe, and do crime on your block  
If you wanna sell a million, Bad Boy and the Roc  
You know we come through with the gleam shit blinding your block  
And our home be spacious, like a mil. and a dock  
And the platinum bracelet, try to steal and get shot  
Been a villain since I can remember for willing to plot  
Sell crack, make a million then stop FEEL ME!  
Yes nigga, Jay and L-O-X nigga  
This is for you training bra bitches whose chest got bigger  
It's on nigga, and the simple fact is  
We got this rap shit captive

[Chorus: to fade]